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ENGRAVINGS IN THE PRESENT NUMBER:—LONDON LIFE: THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION; A TRAMWAY RIDE; "A QUARTERN OF GIN"; "A PINT OF PORTER"; SCENE OF THE ELTHAM MURDER. PARIS IN INSURRECTION: BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BESIEGED CITY; THE BUTCHERY AT CLAMART; POSSIBLE FATE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS; AND REMINISCENCE OF RECONCILIATION FOR THE PARISIANS.

FOUND DYING IN KIDBROOKE-LANE.—SEE "THE ELTHAM MURDER," NEXT PAGE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Topics of the Week.

THE PUBLICAN AT THE BAR.

WHATEVER may be the result of the little left of Mr. Bruce's bill, and however its clauses may be modified before any part of it becomes law, it is certain that a new system of legislation will have to be adopted with regard to public-houses. We have already alluded to the hardships which would be involved in dealing with taverns in which the landlords have invested money on the faith that they would, if properly conducted, continue to realise a handsome profit to the end of a long lease, and it is not to be wondered at that the cry of "confiscation" has been raised at the supposed intention of the Government to limit the term of the holding to ten years; but that does not exhaust the entire question.

It is, of course, difficult to realise the undoubted fact that the business of the publican is already altogether permissive. By an abuse of this permission; by the facilities afforded for the opening almost any number of beershops and gin palaces through the influence of licensing magistrates who are also ground landlords, or the interest of large brewers and distillers; by the share which prosperous publicans have had in general elections; and by the various spokes which they have had the opportunity of thrusting into the Government wheel, these places have multiplied until those who go into the business regard it as a branch of free commerce, only hampered by a few vexatious difficulties.

This, however, is not the case. By innumerable Acts of Parliament the business of the publican has been virtually declared to be exceptional. Hundreds of people who have either failed in or retired from other callings have "gone into the public line," just as some poor broken-down fellows of a little higher grade have taken to agencies, or have tried to make a connection for the sale of wine or coals. It must be confessed that the former have generally attained greater success, and probably they have often deserved it, for a publican's business needs hard and continuous work and considerable resolution. To make "a house" respectable, or to keep it so in order that the police may not be too troublesome, and that there may be little doubt about the periodical renewal of the license, often means to close its doors against the most profitable customers; while to "sell a good article" (though we are assured that this is the principle on which every new tavern commences operations) means to avoid those adulterations or "extensions" of liquor which greatly increase the percentage on every butt of beer and every gallon of gin sold over the bar.

Whatever may be the revelations of recent analysis, it is quite certain that the alcoholic strength of Old Tom is not always derived from pure spirit, and that methylated or wood spirit enters largely into the composition of the ordinary "blue ruin," to say nothing of the capsicum to give it heat in order to allow of its being freely "washed." Beer, again—that is to say, porter—is "extended" to a very large margin, and the deficiency in body is not unfrequently made up with quassia and molasses—both wholesome in their way, but not the beverage to be paid for as best London porter or brown stout at twopence a glass.

That there should be some stringent provision against adulteration even in its most innocent sense of mixing innocuous ingredients with the genuine article, or of preventing the vice of intoxication by attenuating the liquor, cannot be denied; and we do not accuse the honest tavern-keeper of objecting to it. The worst of it is that all tavern-keepers are not honest in the sense of setting their faces against what are established trade customs in these respects.

The enormous number of people who learn the business not only includes a large proportion of victuallers who never should be licensed, because of their own lapses in morality, but also a large proportion who are superfluous to the wants of the community, and the establishment of whose claims is followed by the necessity for tempting people to drink and lowering the tone of the neighbourhood by becoming centres for the meeting of those who visit them, if not for the purpose of getting drunk, at least with the intention of drinking as much as they can possibly pay for at one sitting or standing. We have already said that the publican has forgotten that the very tenure on which he conducts his business at all is permissive. After having complied with all the provisions of all the numerous Acts of Parliament which are supposed to regulate his trade, and when he has, by irreproachable conduct, removed all immediate objections to the renewal of his yearly term of holding, he is still subject to the refusal of the licensing board. Let him behave himself never so well, there may still be some external reason for removing his privilege, and it is only as a favour, or as a recognised convenience, that he is allowed to continue. This is the law as it stands; and of course—though, like some other laws, the sharp edge of it has long ago been blunted—it can still be made to cut. Granted that he is only to carry on his trade under protest that it shall not in any way interfere with the public morality to which it is supposed to be so easily made dangerous—and an unnecessary number of drinking-shops in any neighbourhood may be just such a condition as may render his suppression necessary. The hardship, of course, would be if the honest and respectable man should be refused while his less scrupulous neighbour goes on triumphantly. Such inequalities and injustices are too often the consequence of ever legislation, and it is fervently to be hoped that no new Act of Parliament will readily admit such a kind of confiscation, even though, for the sake of argument, it may be urged that every publican in the kingdom should have remembered that he held only an annual privilege, and should have based all his investments on that conviction.

That the rapid increase of beershops, gin-palaces, and even of general public-houses, needs to be checked nobody who knows much of London should dispute. In many neighbourhoods the smaller and less prosperous businesses could not be continued without such adulteration as will increase the profits; and in most neighbourhoods the trade of all could not be supported without the facilities for excessive drinking and the temptations that beset the irresolute toper in every street.

It is true that people cannot be made moral by Act of Parliament, and that neither the House of Commons nor the advocates of the Permissive Bill can abolish drunkenness by legislation. The experiment has been tried elsewhere in much smaller areas of population and has failed; but it is by no means equally certain that as the Legislature has taken this particular business of drink selling under its especial control, for the express purpose of diminishing the evils to which an unrestricted sale of intoxicating drinks gives rise, it should not prevent its further extension, or even strive by some just and not too sweeping arrangement to decrease the number of existing liquor shops.

Such a restriction is no new thing. A reference to some of the old civic records, or to the famous "Liber Albus," will show that in the reign of Henry IV. it was ordained that there should only be a certain number of taverns in the city of London, and that this restriction was to prevent the frequency of drunken brawls, while the duties of the "Ale Connors" and other officers who saw that too much lime was not put in the beer, and that the drink of his Majesty's lieges was not too greatly "extended" were rendered easier of fulfilment. These laws for the city of London were confirmed in succeeding reigns, and in reading them and learning how far men had to go for a jack of strong ale, or a cup of sack, or a glass of aqua vitæ (there was no Geneva then), we wonder how Falstaff and his crew would have fared in modern London, between the police inspectors on the one hand, and the taverns at both hands. It must be remembered, however, that men in those days sat down to take their drink. No half-dressed muscular barman, and over-dressed, languishing barmaids, spent hours under the flare of gas, pulling beer-engines, turning taps, smacking "goes," and "drains," and "threes," and "twos" upon the counter, sweeping coppers into the tills from noon till midnight. The majority of those who are the best customers to the publican do not sit to their liquor; they take it standing or leaning, and even the taproom and the parlour customers are comparatively few. This reflection brings us to another subject on which some reform is most desirable—the subject of clubs and benefit societies, which are now mostly held at the public-house. Some of our readers know well enough how large a share of the money which might secure some perspective advantage to the members of these societies goes into the publican's till. Very often the publican himself is the treasurer, or one of the governing officers, and, though he may be a man of strict integrity, the combination is a bad one. It offers to many opportunities to be thoroughly reputable. To say nothing of the associations commenced by the immediate influence of the landlord who thinks it would be a good thing to have a club-room, with a full meeting once a week, there are societies the whole arrangements of which are utterly futile, because they are held at a tavern. There are instances of a certain proportion of the subscriptions being periodically returned to members, not in money but in flat bits of metals called tokens, or in printed cards, each of which entitles the holder to its value in drink; and in every instance it is a rule that everything must go for the "good of the house." There is nothing unreasonable in this of itself. The landlord's rent must be paid, and the hire of the room must be reckoned. There is often no other room in the neighbourhood where men can meet. What is wanted is a place where the publican influence in this connection can be got rid of altogether. If there were more well-managed working-men's clubs—that is to say, if working men could be induced decently to manage their clubs on the understanding that they should be helped to obtain a place in which to hold them, there would be a better chance of breaking up some most pestilent and nefarious societies, which call themselves "burial clubs," "loan societies," benefit clubs, and the like, and of establishing useful associations, where labouring people could invest their small savings—savings from the publican—and look forward to a real advantage either for themselves or for their children.

We Londoners, however, like the inhabitants of all great capitals, are too apt to regard Acts of Parliament only in their relation to ourselves. Let those who know what some of the rustic boorships are, and what is their evil influence in small communities, bring their testimony, and let the observant dwellers in manufacturing towns truthfully record their experiences of those dens of infamy where mere boys and girls meet not only to drink drugged beer, but to corrupt each other by the grossest immorality, and we shall have a wider sense of the necessity for doing something to suppress, or not to confiscate; and, it may be added, a clearer notion than any Act of the Legislature in this direction will have a more definite bearing than we had supposed.

THE ELTHAM MURDER.

INTEREST in this mysterious tragedy having increased greatly, we present our readers with a faithful picture of the

SCENE OF THE CRIME.

Shooter's-hill is well known to most Londoners, but, although so near the metropolis, these parts of the ground which slope towards Blackheath, Eltham, and Sidcup are singularly retired. More than a long path descends the eminence, buried in woods, and shut off from the world in as complete a solitude as if the spot were a thousand miles from London. In one of these lonely by-roads, called Kidbrooke-lane, Donald Gunn, a police-constable, was patrolling about dawn on Wednesday morning, April 26, when he saw a girl on her hands and knees, covered with blood about the head, which was "bobbing about up and down." He had passed that way at an earlier hour without observing her. The unfortunate creature was then, no doubt, lying insensible from her cruel wounds. She could only ejaculate,

"My head! my head! Take hold of my hand!"

and when the police-officer sought to raise her she groaned out, "Oh, let me die!"

Assistance was obtained, and the poor thing was taken to Guy's Hospital, where at a glance the doctors saw that she must die. A portion of her brains protruded through a wound over the right eye, and she was gashed and bruised besides in ten or a dozen places. The only hope remaining was that she might gather voice ere she died to denounce her murderer. This she never did; some incoherent, frightful words were uttered, some doubtful syllables, but it would be unfair to cite; and on the following Sunday the hapless girl passed from the world's noise into death. Who was she? That, also, remained for a long time unknown. Many of those who have friends or dependants missing—alas! a considerable number in this vast capital—came to look at the dying woman. It was hard to make out what she had looked like, her injuries were so shocking. Not until she was dead was her name declared. Five persons, relatives and friends of the victim, claimed the corpse as that of Jane Maria Clouter, a servant-girl, aged seventeen, lately living in the house of Mr. Pook, a respectable tradesman in Greenwich; and, from "information received," the police arrested Mr. James Pook, the son of the young master, who was last week twice brought up and remanded at the police court.

THE CLUE LEFT BY THE MURDERER.

was a new lathing-hammer, with traces of the victim's blood and hair, which was found on the afternoon after the crime was committed in the grounds of Morden College, and which had evidently

been thrown away by the murderer in his flight. It appears now to be thoroughly proved that, on the Saturday evening preceding the night of the murder, this instrument was sold to a man in the shop of Mr. Thomas, ironmonger, of High-street, Deptford. Two other customers were in the shop at the time, and one of these has now come forward and given a description of the purchaser. This witness, named Ormond Earsley, an engineer's pattern-maker, states that when he entered the shop, some time between the hours of six and eight, two other persons were at the counter, one of whom was purchasing a lathing-hammer. The description given of the man who purchased the weapon (half hammer, half hatchet) is that of a labourer, between twenty-seven and thirty-four years of age, having full whiskers and the general appearance of a jobbing gardener. The prisoner Pook is only twenty years of age and has no whiskers, but he is of the height given in the description, and the theory of the prosecution is that he might have disguised himself for the purpose. The man asked for a No. 2 lath-hammer, and remarked that he could not see the steel edge on the hatchet, but it was pointed out to him by Earsley. From this fact Earsley naturally inferred that he was acquainted with this kind of tools, and called his attention to the steeling of the axe in the only part where steeling is necessary to harden the iron. Earsley then completed his own purchase, and left the shop leaving there the man referred to and another man, who was buying a spoke-shave. Earsley has seen Edmund Pook, the prisoner, and expresses himself as quite certain that he is not the man who purchased the axe, Pook being of a dark and the purchaser of the axe of a fair complexion.

THE ACCUSED,

Edmund Walter Pook, is, as already stated in these columns, the son of a very respectable tradesman in London-street, Greenwich, carrying on the business of a printer and stationer, which trade the accused has also followed. He is twenty years of age, slightly built, dark-haired, pale, and of quiet demeanour. From the time that he was placed before the magistrate to the close of the hearing of the case, both on Tuesday week and last Saturday, he exhibited the utmost composure, listening attentively to the evidence of most of the witnesses, and evincing no sign whatever of agitation. His arrest, which took place on May 1, was thus described at the first examination by Inspector Mulvany:—

Accompanied by Mr. Superintendent Griffin, I went to the house of the father of the prisoner, a printer, carrying on business in London-street, Greenwich. We saw Mr. Pook, sen., who showed us up stairs. We said that his late servant was the person who had been murdered near Eltham. I asked him to allow us to see the clothing of his son. He showed us some (a coat and trousers), which I examined. He then called his son (the prisoner) up stairs, and I told him it was Superintendent Griffin who was with me, and that I was Inspector Mulvany, from Scotland-yard. I said we had come to ask him some questions with reference to his father's late servant, Sarah Jane Clousen, and he said he would answer anything. He said he last saw her on the Thursday she left the place, and that he had not seen her since. I asked him if he had written a letter to her, and he said, "No, I have not." I said, "People say you have;" and he replied, "Do they? Have you the letter? If it is in my handwriting, that will prove it." He then said, "I know nothing of her. She was a dirty young woman, and left in consequence; and I can account for my time, or nights, last week;" continuing, "I do not leave off work until seven o'clock. On Monday night I was about the town; and on Tuesday I went to Lewisham, and came back and was home about a quarter past nine."

Mr. Pook, who defended the prisoner, here said: And this I shall be able to prove, and that the prisoner did not again leave home that night.

Examination continued: I asked him whom he went to see at Lewisham, and he said, "A lady; but I did not see her." He said he did not go into any house, and that no one saw him that he knew. He said he came home from Lewisham by Royal-hill, Greenwich. I asked him what coat he was wearing on Tuesday night, and he said he was not quite sure whether it was an over-coat, and then said he thought it was a blue frock-coat. He fetched me the coat, and produced his billycock hat, and also said the trousers he was then wearing were those he wore on Tuesday night. I asked him for the shirt he wore on that evening, and he said he thought it had gone to the wash. I asked him to ask for it, and he left the room and brought a shirt. I looked at the wristbands, and handed the shirt to Superintendent Griffin. I asked the prisoner if he could give any explanation as to the stains upon the wristband. He said he could not, unless it should arise from a scratch, showing me a scratch on the left side of the wrist. Superintendent Griffin told the prisoner the stains were on the right wristband, and that the scratch was on the left wrist, to which he made no answer. I then said to him, "I shall have to take you into custody on suspicion of having murdered Jane Maria Clousen, at Eltham;" and he said, "Very well; I will go anywhere with you."

Mrs. Fanny Hamilton said: I am a married woman, residing at 12, Ashburnham-road, Greenwich. The deceased had been staying at my house with a person who rents a room of me. She was with her about a fortnight, and left the house with me last Tuesday evening about half-past six o'clock. I left her at the top of Douglas-street, Deptford, at twenty minutes to seven, and she then told me she was going to Croom's-hill, Greenwich, to see Mr. Edmund Pook.

The inquest, on May 4, elicited further hearsay evidence:—

Mrs. Elizabeth Trott: I am the wife of William Trott. My husband is a lighterman. I knew the deceased. She was my niece—my own sister's child. She came to our house last Sunday afternoon week, about three o'clock in the afternoon, stayed to tea, and left at seven. I have a daughter Charlotte, a cousin to the deceased, about the same age. The deceased used to open her mind a good deal to my daughter. I have heard her say that she was keeping company with her young master, Mr. Walter Edmund Pook. She used to walk out with him. She used to talk a good deal about him, and say that they used to walk out on the heath together. I myself never saw them together.

Charlotte Trott, aged seventeen, daughter of the last witness, said that she knew the deceased. She recognised her by the nose and mouth, and they corresponded with a photograph. The brooch and locket produced were hers. The locket was empty.

Coroner: How was she on Sunday week? Witness: Low spirited. On that evening I walked out with her towards the park. She told me she was going to meet her master. She said, "I am going to-morrow evening to meet Edmund, at seven o'clock, at Shooter's-hill, to arrange about going into the country to a christening. His brother Thomas and likewise his wife are going with us," and Edmund asked her to meet him. I did not see her again alive. On Saturday week she said, "Charlotte, don't be surprised if you miss me for a week or two, for I am going to be married; and I told Edmund that after I was married I should never speak to his mother, although I don't know why I should not, for she has been a good mother to Thomas's wife, and she might be so to me." She also told me that Edmund had given her the locket.

The Foreman of the Jury: Had she any other young man? Witness: Yes, Harley Fletcher, and he was at sea. I do not know whether he has come home or not. His father keeps a ham-and-beef shop at Royal-hill, Greenwich. The deceased told me that the christening Edmund Pook was going to take her to was to be at St. Ives.

Thomas Lazell Walkers, cottager, Kidbrook-lane, said he was a florist, and he lived with his father. On the Tuesday in question his father had the gout, and while walking across the barnfield in the evening——

Coroner: Did you see anyone? Witness: Yes, Mr. Edmund Pook, the son of the stationer of Greenwich. I have seen him thrice during twelve months. I have never spoken to him.

Mr. Willis: Was anyone with him? Yes. A young woman. He was walking towards the brook. His arm was round her waist. I met them, but did not notice them much. I was in too much of a hurry. The woman was rather shorter than he. It was past seven. I then went on to Greenwich.

Miss Susan Amelia Billington said she was the daughter of a confectioner, living in Nelson-street, Greenwich. On the Tuesday or Wednesday night witness saw Edmund Pook in a confectioner's shop in Royal-hill, Greenwich. He came into the shop in a very excited manner, as if he had been running. Mrs. Plane said, "You look as if you had been running—you look hot;" and he said, "Yes, I have run from the Lewisham-road. Will you give me a brush?" Mrs. Plane gave him a brush, and he brushed his clothes, the right leg more than the left. He then bought a bag of lozenges and offered them to witness, but she refused them. He then said, "Good-night," and left.

By the Coroner: When he had brushed his trousers he said, "The rest I will wash off with a sponge." A young gentleman from New-cross then came into the shop, and he left at once.

AN ALIBI

is the answer of the prisoner to the charge; and on Saturday last his able counsel (a namesake, but not a relative) urged at the Greenwich Police Court:—The magistrate himself has said the evidence is not sufficient; the young man has never run way, but has remained at his work; there are hosts of friends ready to give bail, and I do ask that the prisoner should not be sent again to gaol with this charge, like the sword of Damocles, hanging over his head. I have heard that in England a man was held to be innocent until he was proven guilty; but the police have reversed that maxim in this case, and are endeavouring to bring a man in guilty without allowing him to prove his innocence.

Mr. Maude: I shall remand the prisoner. The case could not be finished this morning, and, after an accusation has been made against a man, charging him with the most serious offence known in the land, is is quite clear that I cannot discharge him while the investigation is going on.

The prisoner's brother, who will be called for the defence, says that on the Saturday night when the hammer was bought they were walking about Greenwich together all the evening, except for a quarter of an hour, when his brother went to the Literary Institution, and that it would have been impossible for him to go to the shop of Mr. Thomas at Deptford and back in that interval. The brother adds that on the night of the murder the prisoner left him at twenty minutes past seven, and came in to supper again at nine, it being the invariable habit of the family to have supper served at that hour. The brother is a married man; but, his wife being in the country, he slept with the prisoner for three or four weeks prior to his apprehension in consequence of Edmund having had an epileptic fit on April 6, on which occasion he bit his tongue, and, according to the brother's account, covered his clothes with blood. On the night of the murder, this witness says, the prisoner had supper and went to bed just as usual, and slept well all night. Among the other witnesses who will be called for the defence will be some compositors with whom the prisoner worked in the printing office, and a young woman who assists in his father's shop. They will show how his time was occupied till a quarter past seven on the night of the murder, and say that they never observed any familiarity between the prisoner and the deceased, it being remarked that the former always treated her with reserve. She has been spoken of as "a dirty girl;" but the printers describe her as a good-looking girl, with a very happy disposition and agreeable manners.

A librarian from the Greenwich Literary Institution, Mr. Coutts, accounts for the prisoner's time five minutes later on the night of the murder, saying that he came to the institution at twenty-five minutes past seven, and said he was going to Lewisham. The circumstance is fixed on the witness's memory by the fact that Mr. Glaisher, the meteorologist, came in at the same time, and he fixes the date by the circumstance of some readings being given the same night in the lecture-hall by Mr. Warner Sleigh, the barrister. One witness, a person named Shenton, says he met the prisoner in Greenwich about half-past eight that night; but, taking the general testimony that he was home at nine, there is only left him an hour and thirty-five minutes to account for. The ground has been measured by Mr. Roberts, surveyor, of Greenwich, who finds that the distance from the institution to the spot where the murdered girl was found is two miles 1011 yards.

If these witnesses be correct, the question will arise whether the prisoner could have travelled more than five miles (half the distance with a woman) and committed the murder in an hour and a half. His own statement is that on the night in question, after leaving the institution, he went to Lewisham to keep watch upon another young man whom he suspected of designs upon a young woman to whom he was paying his addresses at that place. He says that he returned by way of Royal-hill, across the margin of Blackheath, and that, having slipped down in the gutter at South-street, Greenwich, he went into Mrs. Plane's shop to brush the mud off his trousers, fearing that he might cause his mother anxiety by leading her to suppose that he had had another fit. He writes cheerfully to his friends from his cell at Maidstone Gaol, his only anxiety apparently arising from the dry quality of the prison literature and the want of his watch, which he thinks the police took from him needlessly.

THE VICTIM'S FUNERAL.

The body of the deceased was buried on Monday afternoon, during the thunderstorm, at Brockley-lane Cemetery, in the grave provided by the local authorities of Deptford. After the opening of the Coroner's inquiry at Guy's Hospital, the body was brought from London to the house of the uncle and aunt of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. Trott, of Agnes-place, Old King-street, Deptford, and from this place the funeral cortége, consisting of a hearse and two mourning-coaches and several carriages, containing the relatives and friends of the deceased, started for the cemetery, and a few minutes afterwards the storm commenced and continued throughout the whole of the mournful ceremony. Some thousands of persons assembled along the line of procession. After the interment an affecting address was delivered at the grave. Upwards of 20,000 persons visited the scene of the murder on Sunday, the majority coming from London.

THE QUEEN will open the new St. Thomas's Hospital in the latter part of June.

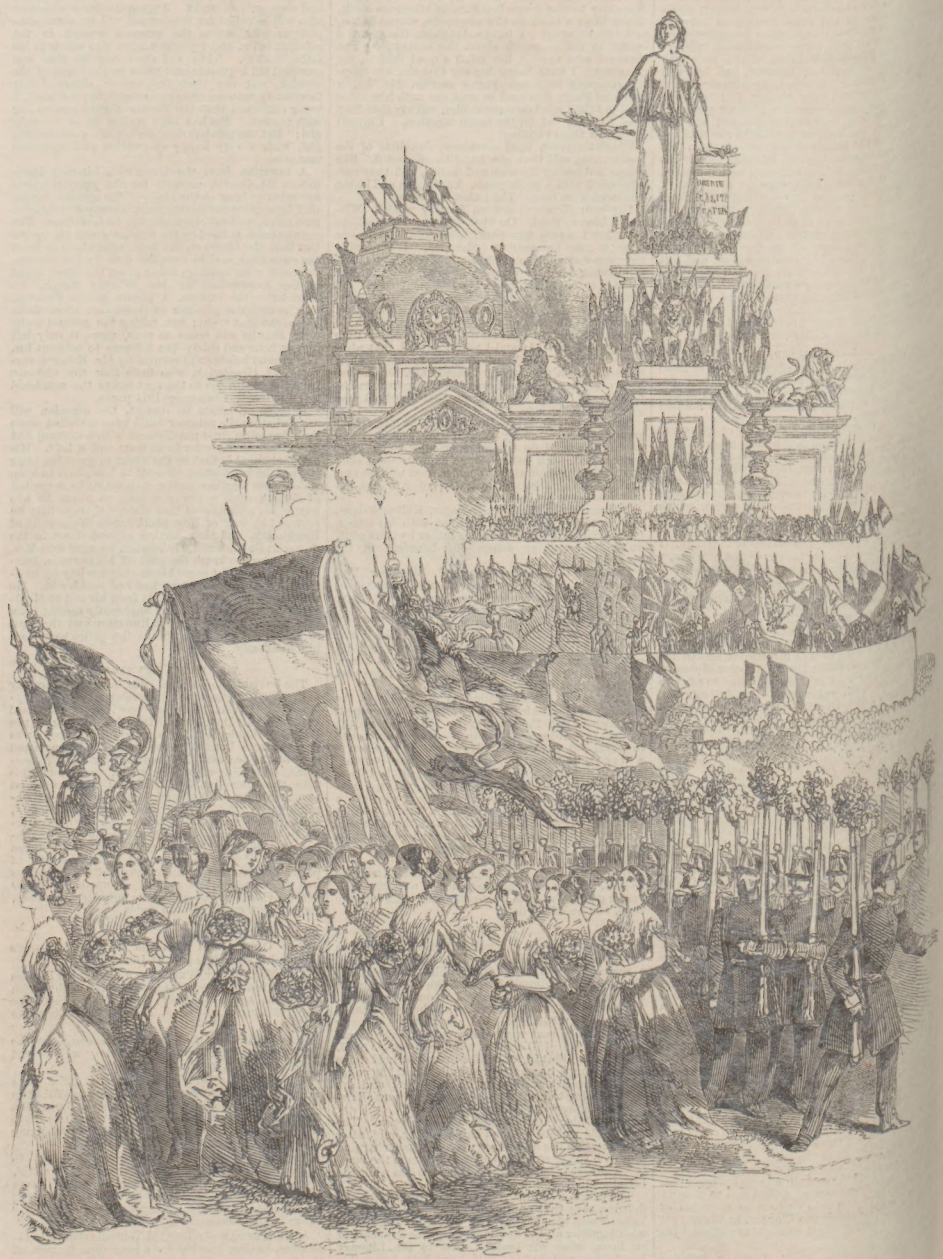
THE MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH died at his London residence on Friday se'nnight, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The noble Lord was married three times, but leaves no sons. The Marquisate becomes extinct.

A CONCERT was given by the Commune, at the Tuileries, last Saturday, in aid of the "widows and orphans of the Republic."

A FRENCH DWARF.—Amongst the exiles from France, not the least remarkable is the graceful little lady who is now holding daily levées in the Burlington Gallery. Princess Felicie, as her exhibitors have christened her, is a genuine dwarf, a real living Liliputian.

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS.—Mr. Wray Smee writes to suggest with reference to the Bank Holidays Bill, "that great and almost immeasurable good will be done by the three days given in the bill being made general holidays, closing by law not only the banks but all offices and shops."

A GENTLEMAN of a decided Teutonic cast of countenance, having knocked for a long time in vain at the town-clerk's office door at Middletown, Connecticut, anxiously inquired of a bystander what was the matter. He was politely informed that the office was closed, but, if anything important was wanted, the house of the clerk might be found. "Oh," said Teuton, "it is nothing; I only wanted to get married."



REMINISCENCE FOR THE PARISIANS: THE FESTIVAL OF CONCORD IN '48.

CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE: POSSIBLE FATE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE: SLAUGHTER OF PARIS COMMUNISTS AT CLAMART.

Home News.

COURT.

THE QUEEN held a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday afternoon. Further Court festivities are announced. Cards of invitation have been issued for a concert at the palace on the 15th inst., and a state ball on the 19th inst.; also for an afternoon breakfast party on June 21, a concert on the 21st, and a ball on the 27th of next month.

THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH has been rather late in paying his congratulations upon the last Royal marriage. His Lordship did not arrive at Windsor until the 5th inst. to present the address to the Queen.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, the Dean of Windsor, and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family, on Monday, at Windsor Castle.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been busy with charity dinners. On Saturday his Royal Highness presided at a dinner in aid of the Artists' Orphan Fund, at the Freemasons' Tavern; and on Monday the Prince took the chair at a dinner in aid of the funds of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, held at the same tavern. The Prince made speeches as practical as usual, and the contributions were of even more than princely munificence.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT.

HER MAJESTY paid her first visit to the Exhibition last Saturday morning, entering from Prince Albert-road at a quarter past eleven. Prince Christian, who is second on the list of Commissioners (the Prince of Wales being first), with Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, R.E., and Mr. H. Cole, met the Queen officially, and the party was further strengthened by the Count and Countess of Flanders, Lady Waterpark, the Marchioness of Ely, Sir Thomas Biddulph, Colonel Ponsonby, and various Court attendants. Her Majesty closely inspected the Exhibition, and, before leaving, expressed her marked pleasure at its excellence.

THE QUEEN first inspected the alpacas and other hair or wool producing animals in the western annexe, and proceeded from them to see the British pictures and the other objects in the western fine-arts gallery. Her Majesty then crossed the Horticultural Gardens and ascended to the foreign fine-art galleries. In the French department her Majesty was received by M. du Sommerard, in the Austrian by Baron de Wertheim, in the Hungarian by Count Posner, in the Italian by Signor Baccani and Mr. T. J. Gullick, and in the Belgian by Baron T'Kint and Mr. Corr van der Macren. The Queen afterwards passed through the woollen department in the Royal Albert Hall, and left by the Royal entrance. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Beatrice. During her Majesty's visit a number of the *Key* newspaper, containing a brief notice of the arrival of the Royal party, was printed by Messrs. J. M. Johnson and Sons at the machine in the Exhibition, and the Queen was graciously pleased to accept a copy, together with copies of the catalogues they had previously prepared.

THE NUMBER OF VISITORS

admitted to the Exhibition during the first week was as follows:—Season tickets, 28,659; on payment of 10s., 2068—total, 30,718.

THE FIRST SHILLING DAY,

MONDAY, found a large influx of visitors. The predominating class of visitor was not, however, as might naturally be expected, of the artisan or workman type, although there were mechanics with their wives and babies in arms to be seen. On the contrary, the majority of visitors were well-to-do folks, with a strong sprinkling of "carriage" people. During the day members of both Houses of Parliament and well-known notabilities from the shires mingled with the throng; and the picture-galleries—which were always most occupied, although there was never any crowding—bore a striking resemblance, so far as the composition of the company went, to the Academy a fortnight after the opening day. The humbler visitors seemed to care but little for what was to be seen above stairs, and, if they came there, looked ill at ease, and soon departed. Next to Regnault's sickly feast of blood, Lady Godiva and Millais's Knight and Lady attracted the thickest groups, all classes acknowledging, by their lingering so long, the spell under which the respective artists had placed them. The tempest in the afternoon caused no little trepidation in the galleries and glass-covered passages. The storm burst in all its fury upon the building, and the lightning playing around the Prince Consort Memorial, which stood grandly out against an inky sky, was watched by hundreds from the Albert Hall.

"MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS."

THIS annual Parliamentary ceremony was performed by Mr. Gladstone on Monday. In reply to questions of which notice had been given by Sir R. Anstruther, Mr. C. Read, and others, the Prime Minister, after fixing the second reading of the Westmeath Crime and Outrage Bill for a morning sitting on Friday, announced that the Government intend to withdraw the Local Rating Bills and the Licensing Clauses of the Licensing Bill, retaining the police clauses of the latter measure. This intimation was received with warm expressions of satisfaction from both sides of the House, but the cheers with which it was greeted were not so loud as those which rose from the Liberal benches when the Premier promised that the Ballot Bill should be pressed forward next to the Army Regulation Bill. Besides these, the Government hoped to pass the Scotch Education Bill, the Lectionary Bill, possibly the Lord Chancellor's Bill, and perhaps the Metropolis Water Bill, the Mines Regulation Bill, the Pilotage Bill, and the Merchant Shipping Bill.

ARMY REFORM.

YES; the Government Army Reform Bill is to be persevered with. While plucky little Switzerland is enabled to defend herself with an army of 250,000 men at a cost no larger than £330,000, great Britain is called upon to pay some sixteen millions for the defence of an island fortified by nature." The exorbitant expenditure of our professedly Liberal Cabinet cannot be too severely stigmatised; and, although Mr. Torrens's motion for a 5d. in lieu of a 6d. income tax was defeated by a majority of 46, we yet hope that the economical members will continue their opposition, and thereby, to quote Mr. Disraeli, vindicate those principles of financial policy which they have always upheld, and show to their constituents that they are prepared to maintain and uphold their interests.

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.—On Monday, when the House was asked to go into Committee upon the Army Regulation Bill, Colonel Anson, in a speech of considerable length, moved a resolution affirming that, if the Purchase System is to be abolished, in order to secure the authority of the State over the officers of the Army and in justice to the officers themselves, the regulation value of their commissions ought to be at once returned to them. The motion, which was seconded by Colonel Barttelot, was resisted by Captain Vivian, on the ground that the bill as it stands does complete justice to the officers, and that to yield that which was asked by the gallant member for Bewdley would saddle the country with an unnecessary burden and would at the same time give to officers far more than that to which they are entitled. The result of the division was the rejection of Major Anson's amendment by a majority of 63—250 to 187.

MR. MIALL'S PROPOSAL FOR THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH

was made in the House of Commons on Tuesday, his motion being:—"That it is expedient, at the earliest practicable period, to apply the policy initiated by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, by the Act of 1869, to the other Churches established by law in the United Kingdom." He said the Government themselves had seen the justice of the principles he advocated in applying them to the Irish Church, and he wished to see how far they were prepared to apply to this country the policy they had manifested towards the people of Ireland. He denied earnestly that he was actuated by any hostility to a particular Church or a particular Church party. Nor did he find fault with the spiritual or ecclesiastical organisation of the Church of England. What he contended was that the Church stood in a relationship to the State which was fraught with danger, and ought to be put an end to as soon as possible. All the arguments which would be used against his resolution had been used against the disestablishment of the Irish Church. He did not expect that he should be able to carry a bill just yet, but that was no reason why the subject should not be brought under discussion. It was a question that could not much longer be postponed without injurious results. He then went on to argue that the Established Church had no longer any claim to be regarded as the national Church, as it neither represented the sentiments nor the majority of the people. As Mr. Miall did not expect that his motion would be adopted, he could not be disappointed at its non-success nor angry with the speeches made against him, as he anticipated hostility. As the hon. member, however, has lived to see the Irish Church disestablished, as moved by him years ago, so it is not improbable that he may ultimately witness the triumph of the cause to which he has devoted his life.

THE BOULTON-PARK TRIAL.

THIS long-delayed case came on for trial, on Tuesday, in the Court of Queen's Bench, before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury. The defendants Boulton and Park entered the court with Mr. Lewis, their solicitor, about ten minutes to ten o'clock, and took their seats under their counsel. They were dressed in the most fashionable attire, and had each a bouquet of flowers in the button-hole of his coat. They were shortly afterwards followed by Hurt and Fiske, who were equally well dressed. Each wore a new pair of light-coloured, well-fitting kid gloves. When the case was opened, and allusion was made by the Attorney-General to the painful nature of the charge, the respectability of the defendants, and the disgrace which attached to the charge, they appeared to feel acutely their position, but they speedily regained their self-confidence. The appearance of Boulton and Park attired as ladies at the Strand Theatre was sworn to by Mr. Mundell; and Mr. William Chamberlain, the intelligent detective who arrested them there, repeated his evidence. The nauseous details of their behaviour in other public places were told again to a crowded court by John Rees, superintendent of the Alhambra, and George Smith, beadle of the Burlington Arcade, swearing as to Boulton, Park, and Cumming frequenting those places dressed in men's clothes, but painted and powdered so as to give them the appearance of being women. It is our intention to give nothing further with respect to this wretched case than the verdict, to influence which the cream of the Bar has been engaged. For the Crown—the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. H. Giffard, Q.C., Mr. Poland, Mr. James, Q.C., Mr. Archibald, and Mr. Serjeant Boulton—Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C.; Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, and Mr. Besley. For Park—Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Straight. For Fiske—Mr. Giffard, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, and Mr. F. H. Matthews, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Purcell. For Hurt—Sir John Karslake, and Mr. F. H. Lewis, and Mr. W. Ballantine.

France and Germany.

A PROCLAMATION FROM M. THIERS

was posted up in Paris, on Monday, as a last appeal to loyal Parisians prior to extreme measures being taken to stamp out the Commune. M. Thiers describes the insurgents as tyrants, who, though in a minority, are oppressing the people, and calling them to a fresh attack from the Germans. The Versailles Government wished that the inhabitants of Paris should free themselves; but, since they cannot do so, it is forced to undertake the task. Already the outer forts have alone been attacked, but the time has now come when operations must be directed against the enceinte. Paris will not be generally bombarded; one gate alone will be forced. The Government knows, M. Thiers says, that as soon as the soldiers have passed the enceinte the people will rally round the national flag. They are at least three times more numerous, he adds, than the defenders of the Commune; and he calls upon them, therefore, to prevent an assault by opening the gates to the troops, assuring them that, if they do so, order and the laws once will re-enter the city, and the traces of its misfortunes disappear.

THE "BLOOD AND IRON" PRINCE

has again "put his foot down," as we learn by a special telegram in the *Telegraph* from Frankfort. On Friday se'nnight Prince Bismarck and General Arnim had their first meeting with M. Favre and M. Pouyer-Quertier, at the Russian Hotel. M. Pouyer-Quertier declared the payment of the war contributions in the manner prescribed by the treaty of peace a difficulty which the French Government had found insurmountable. He offered, as an equivalent for financial concessions from Germany, a speedy execution of the commercial treaty and advantageous arrangements in reference to the Eastern Railway.

M. Favre asked that Forts Charenton, Nogent, Rosny, and Noisy should be given up to the Versailles forces. Further, he asked that the Germans should help the present French Government to annihilate the portion of the captured arms and munitions of war by allowing the prompt return to France of the prisoners still in Germany.

Prince Bismarck showed inclinations of yielding to the requests of M. Favre; but to M. Pouyer-Quertier's representations he would not listen. He insisted on a strict compliance with the terms of the preliminary peace, and suggested to the French Finance Minister that he should raise loans from the English, French, and German banking interests. The Chancellor at the same time threatened, in the further protraction in fulfilling the conditions of the peace would be attended with evil consequences to France and to the Versailles Government. This threat probably induced M. Thiers to issue his last proclamation to the Parisians, reminding them that he does, that the Communist insurrection prevents the evacuation of our territory by the Germans, and exposes you to a renewed attack from them which they declare they are ready to commence without mercy if we do not contrive by ourselves to put down the insurrection."

The Frankfort correspondent reassuringly adds, however, that Sunday's conference "resulted in an agreement on all the main points."

THE POSITIONS OF THE LOYAL AND INSURGENT FORCES,

at the commencement of the week, will be clearly understood by the reader if we subjoin a reference to the situation, as an accompaniment to the bird's-eye view of Paris, represented on our centre pages.

THE FIELD OF THE MOST ACTIVE OPERATIONS

till last week, when they were shifted to the south, was the left bank of the Seine, beyond the fortress of Bicêtre, with Sceaux and Puteaux on the right side of Paris, and in the river-peninsula of Villeneuve-la-Garenne, on the north-west side, including the villages of Courbevoie and Asnières till they fell into the hands of the Communists was at Asnières that the fighting was most severe. From the bridge of Asnières the railway runs nearly due south to a point in the Porte Maillot. Nearly 200 or 300 yards outside the Porte Maillot is the avenue back to the gate. Outside the gate is the line of an earthwork containing a battery, which shells the

bridge of Neuilly, the avenue as far as the Rond Point de Courbevoie, and to Puteaux. From the Porte Maillot the Communist line follows the enceinte as far as the Point de Jour, while advanced posts are in the eastern portion of the Bois de Boulogne and the villages of Boulogne and Billancourt. Crossing the Seine at the Point de Jour, the Communist line runs to the Fort of Issy, and thence by a succession of slight detached works to the forts of Vanves, Montrouge, Bicêtre, and Ivry. The Communists' left on the Seine is protected from being turned by the neutral ground held by the Prussians on the right bank, in the same way that their right is protected by the territory similarly held by the Prussians at St. Ouen and St. Denis.

The left wing of the Versailles army holds Asnières, and its flank is protected by the Seine towards Bezons, the Prussians holding the opposite bank. Courbevoie and Puteaux are occupied in force, and the bridge of Neuilly is covered by a strong *tête de pont* in the form of a barricade, holding a battery which shells Porte Maillot. The houses of the Avenue de Neuilly, as far as the enemy's outposts, part of the wood of Neuilly, and part of the Bois de Boulogne, are held by the Versailles advanced troops. Their line extends along the left bank of the Seine, from the bridge of Neuilly to Sèvres, where they hold a pontoon bridge and a passage for infantry in single file over the broken stone bridge. There is no bridge existing between Neuilly and Sèvres. They hold the old Prussian batteries on the heights above Sèvres and on the plateau of Meudon, with advanced posts on the railway, in the direction of Issy; they also hold Clamart and the redoubt on the hill of Châtillon, where again their right is slightly opposed. A great Cloud; the bulk of the reserves is about Versailles and on the plateau of Satory.

The army of Versailles has tripled the number of its batteries; three distinct lines of cannon may be distinguished below the fortress of Valérien—the first turned against Asnières, the second against Neuilly, and the third upon Point du Jour. At Courbevoie there are also three strong batteries, which command respectively the left bank of the Seine, the Park of Neuilly, and the avenue of the same name. From Versailles the whole way to the bridge of Neuilly there is a continued line of defences and reserves. In the park of St. Cloud there is a vast camp, and the artillery have the admirable earthworks and barricades constructed by the Prussians, near the gate opening out on the Montretout road are the great redoubt and a dozen other commanding positions for artillery. On the left there are strong garrisons and camps, from St. Germain, by Le Pecq, Bourgival, Rueil, and Nanterre, round to the north-west of Valérien. The woods of St. Cloud, La Jonchere, and Buzenval are swarming with troops, in the grounds of Malmaison the cavalry of Marquis Gallifet has its head-quarters.

The Communists have established a battery upon the artificial mound which is named the Trocadero, in memory of a victory gained by the French troops in Spain, fifty years ago, at the capture of the Trocadero fortress, at Cadiz, held by the Constitutionalists in the civil war of that time. This mound is at the Quai de Billy, opposite to the Pont de Jena and the Champ de Mars. It is too far away for the battery here to reach the positions held by the Versailles army on the left bank of the river, the whole width of the Bois de Boulogne lying between. The Valérien have usually fallen short, doing mischief to the houses of Suresnes and Puteaux, as appeared in the illustration we gave last week. It is curious to observe the people in that neighbourhood, and even fishermen angling in the river above the bridge of Neuilly, perfectly calm and cool while the missiles of destruction are hurled across the sky overhead. The Communists have a travelling battery, drawn by a locomotive engine on the Western railroad, from the fortifications towards Asnières, which did them some little service in a late action.

THE MASSACRE OF THREE HUNDRED INSURGENTS AT THE CLAMART RAILWAY STATION,

on Monday se'nnight, by the Versailles troops, is one of the most wanton pieces of butchery to which this terrible war has given rise. It would be idle to dignify it by the name of fighting. To surround an enemy at midnight in overwhelming numbers is fair enough, and may be assumed to be creditable to the prowess and generalship of the attacking party and discreditable to those attacked; but it does not afford the faintest pretence for bayoneting five sixths of the inferior force. The plea put forward for this atrocious act is that no many deserters from the Line were found among the insurgents that the soldiers were exasperated beyond all bounds; but it is doubtful whether the means of clear identification would exist at dead of night. At any rate, there was nothing to prevent the entire body of insurgents being taken prisoners, and postponing an indulgence in the taste for military executions until an hour which would permit of greater discrimination.

The *Times'* "special" thus describes the carnage, of which an illustration is given on another page:—

"Though the village of Clamart had been in the hands of the military, the railway station had continued to be occupied by the insurgents. This station is an important position, because it completely dominates the Fort of Issy. On Monday se'nnight orders were given to the 22nd Battalion of the Chasseurs of General Berthe's Brigade to attack and take it. The Chasseurs succeeded in entirely surrounding the station without firing a shot. Having done so, they rushed in precipitately with fixed bayonets. Two battalions of insurgent National Guards and a company of Franco-Tireurs were in and about the station. The soldiers gave no quarter, and the carnage was dreadful. Only sixty prisoners were made. It is believed that no fewer than 300 of the insurgents were bayonsted and left dead on the spot. The Chasseurs allege as an excuse for this wholesale execution their exasperation caused by their finding deserters from the Line serving as insurgents.

"At about the same hour two battalions of the 36th and one of the 42nd Regiments, under General Lamariouze, retook the Château of Issy. This château was first taken by the troops on Sunday morning, but during the negotiations of Monday week the insurgents managed to repossess themselves of it. When the three battalions approached it on the Monday night they encountered a very determined resistance, but they succeeded, and made 250 prisoners. They also prepared to attack a battery situated in a fruit garden between the Château of Issy and the fort; but the insurgents, with a considerable number of guns, immediately began to shell the railway station at Clamart and the Château of Issy. In consequence of this movement, which was calculated to inflict much damage on the troops, Marshal MacMahon lost no time in giving orders that all those batteries which were engaged against the Point du Jour should direct their fire in such a manner as to embarrass the National Guards in their attempt on the station and the château. General Faron sent forward the engineers; and at nine o'clock he was able to announce to the Marshal that all the new positions were in a state of defence." Fort Issy itself was captured and occupied by the Government troops on Tuesday morning.

ANOTHER DREADFUL MASSACRE

is thus referred to by the *Times'* correspondent, writing from Versailles last Saturday:—

"In my telegram of Thursday night I stated that the affair at Moulin Saquet was a repetition of that at the Clamart station. I find, to-day, a contradiction of the statement that insurgents were butchered at Moulin Saquet. It is true, nevertheless. The Commune, wishing, no doubt, to keep the whole truth from their followers, fearing its disheartening effect, state enough for their purpose, which is to represent the Versailles Government as assassins. It says that fifteen of the National Guards were killed with knives. The fact is as I have stated it. The redoubt was taken by surprise, and the soldiers gave no quarter. The number I gave as that of the wretched men killed by the bayonet was 150. I was under the mark. In his report of the affair General Cissey says:—

"'Two hundred insurgents were left dead on the spot. We have taken many insurgent officers and 300 prisoners and cannon.' The Commune alleges that the redoubt fell into the hands of the Versailles troops by means of treason. In this instance I dare say the cry of '*Nous sommes trahis!*' is not far from the truth. The unfortunate garrison were asleep when the troops entered, the sentinels having, as is alleged, fled, when they found the enemy was upon them. There were 800 men in the redoubt, and before they could prepare any effective resistance the massacre was effected. Now, after all this slaughter and capture of prisoners and guns, Moulin Saquet is again in the hands of the insurgents. The Commune boasts that the National Guards attacked it with much dash, and retook it from the troops of Versailles. The fact is these troops found the place too hot for them, and were obliged to abandon it. It is exposed to the fire of Bicêtre, Ivry, and Hautes Bruyères. Was it worth while for the sake of eight cannon to ... it such a terrific slaughter? Most of the prisoners taken on the occasion declare that they had been forced to serve, and that they had been sent to Moulin Saquet as a punishment for their having refused to march on Neuilly."

A WORD FOR THE COMMUNE.

Mr. Robert Coningsby writes from Paris to the *Echo* in defence of the Commune. Setting aside the execution of the two Generals at the outbreak of the insurrection, for which the Commune cannot in fairness be held responsible, we are assured that "whereas numbers of citizens taken by the Versailleise have been put to death in cold blood, not one execution has yet taken place under the Commune." This was written before the "incident" at Clamart, which will only serve to deepen the charge of revengefulness and bloodthirstiness brought against the Versailles troops. The writer, who speaks from personal observation, goes on to remark:—

"The Commune may or may not be pursuing a wrong end; but it is a power, and history will absolve it from the charge of brigandism. Its rule is an exceptionally mild one. After what I had read, I was everywhere struck with the respectability and bonâ fide workman-like appearance of the soldiers of Paris. I have seen them fight well; never found them uncivil, and seldom drunken. I challenge anybody to specify a single execution which has yet taken place under what has absurdly been called the reign of terror; or an act of the armed poor of Paris which would at all approach our notion of what would happen if the East-End of London had the present opportunities of Belleville and Montmartre."

REMINISCENCES FOR PARIS.

"IT IS MY DUTY TO OFFER UP MY LIFE."

These were the heroic words of Monseigneur Affré, Archbishop of Paris, in '48, when he personally braved the dangers of the barricades in order, by his presence, to stay the carnage, but only to fall a victim to a chance shot, as represented in our Engraving. Death hangs over the head of the present Archbishop of Paris. But Parisians who remember the martyrdom of Monseigneur Affré will surely be manly enough to save their chief pastor from the rage of another revolution. Of that sad incident in the '48 rising stirring lines were written, which might well rouse the supine Parisian bourgeoise to a sense of the degradation they are undergoing under the rule of the Commune:—

"And these are Christians!—these are brethren too,
And I their chief!"—so thought that mind serene—
"And on the morrow will the widow's wail
And orphan's cry reproach my sadden'd heart."
Hark! there's a moment's pause; the cannon's force
Is held awhile: the dripping sword is stay'd,
The musket, with its bayonet, cease their work,
And all would parley with the calm good man;
For apparition more divinely bright
Ne'er could be offer'd to their mortal view,
Save had an angel stepp'd upon the earth.
Oh! list the speech of that mild white-robed chief.
"'Tis writ, the shepherd for his sheep should die,
And I am ready!" Ay, with gentleness
Within his heart, and on his glowing tongue
The words of peace, in sacred martyrdom
Unto the holiest cause that e'er engaged
The mind of man, of angel, e'en of Christ—
His aged frame hath sought its hallow'd sleep.
Noble Archbishop! thou art gone to take
Love's living station 'mid the mightiest dead,
And all must feel that sympathy for thee
Which thou erst felt for all the sons of men,
And most for those the guiltiest in wrath,
And in most impious league too madly joined
Against the social happiness of man.

THE FESTIVAL OF CONCORD.

Another of our Illustrations represents a charming fête with which Parisians recompensed themselves in 1848 for the carnage and suffering of that revolutionary year. May not this festival be suggested as an example to the degenerate Parisians of the present year of grace? The "fête de la Concorde" took place on Sunday, May 21, 1848. The national representatives formed a prominent part in the procession, the line of which was from the Place de la Bastille to the Champ de Mars. As early as nine in the morning the procession started, the deputies having been informed by the Commandant of the National Guards (the late General Clément Thomas) that all was in readiness. Enthusiastically cheered by the vast crowds who lined the streets, the deputies had one long triumphal march. The Mayors of Paris, provincial delegates, and representatives of various trades followed; but, perhaps, the most conspicuous feature of the procession was the statue of the Republic, an Engraving of which we reproduce. A peaceful chorus sung by young females was another noteworthy feature, as was the band of Parisiennes dressed in robes of white muslin and wearing a tricolour ribbon on the shoulder and a wreath of flowers on the head. Illuminations and fireworks followed the procession of the morning, and *Galignani* of the period said, "The fête seemed to be regarded as an inauguration of better days, and that hope is not extinct in the people." In her present great trouble Paris has the hearty sympathy of every true Englishman, who must also hope that "better days" will again be restored by a festival of concord such as we represent.

American Quips.

A LITTLE BOY in a Brooklyn Sunday-school was asked lately to say which was the most beautiful verse in the Bible. After some hesitation he replied, blushingly, "If any man pulls down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

A CHICAGO GIRL, who has lost her left leg, advertises for a husband who has no right one; as thus they can buy their shoes together and have nothing over.

THE YOUNG LADY at Allemagoozelum who was up with the lark is now down with the rheumatism.

MANY OF OUR CITY TRADESMEN having signs in their windows, "Selling at less than cost," and others of a similar nature, one more enterprising trader has outdone them by the following:—"Selling at cost and more too."

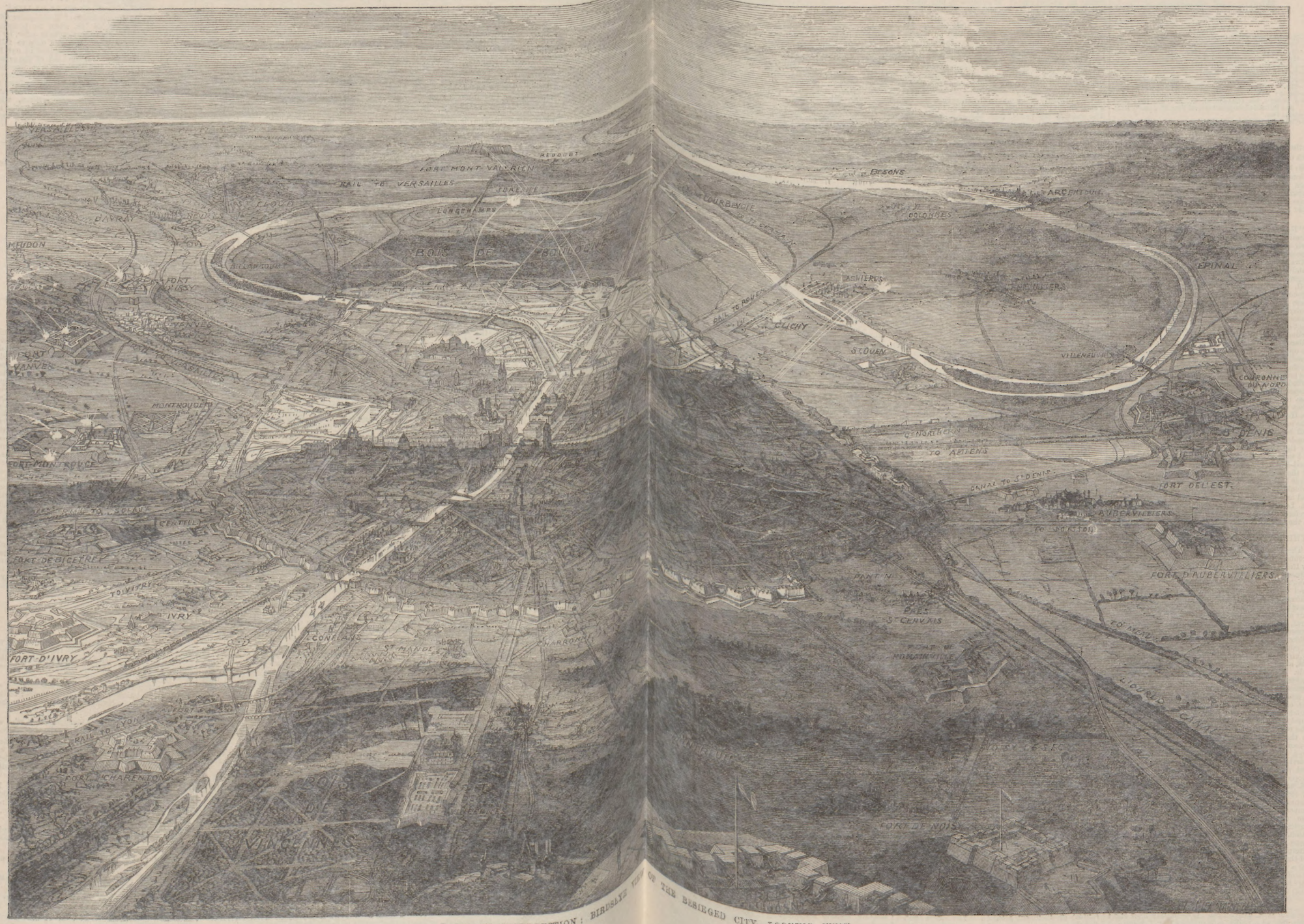
A RECENTLY-MARRIED LADY lately consulted her lawyer on the following question:—"As I wedded Mr. Smith for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have added also that it usually follows *a-vowal*.

OF WHAT TRADE are bees?—They are comb-makers.

A CHICAGO SALOON is called "Lambs' Rest." Folk look sheepish when they come out.

"WHY don't you take your seat within the bar?" asked a lawyer of his client the other day. "My father always advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.



PARIS IN INSURRECTION: BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BESIEGED CITY, LOOKING WEST.

PARIS IN INSURRECTION: BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE BESIEGED CITY, LOOKING WEST.

Sports and Pastimes.

MAY DIARY.

13.—Royal London Yacht Club—Opening Cruise.
13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Opening Cruise.
13.—Civil Service Sports, Lillie Bridge.
13.—Hornsey Cricket Club Sports, Crouch End.
17.—King's College Sports, Lillie Bridge.
20.—Brixton Football Club Sports.
20.—F. Kilsby and W. Spenser—Putney to Mortlake, £50 a side.
20.—Times, Daily News, and Standard—Eight-oared Race.
24.—DERBY DAY.
25.—J. Roberts, jun. (Champion), and W. Cook, jun., £200 and Billiard Championship Gold Vase, St. James's Hall.
26.—Oaks Day.
30.—Canterbury Whitsuntide Fête.

THE DERBY FAVOURITES.

IF there be wisdom in a multitude of counsellors, then ought the public to be wise indeed on the Derby Day, next Wednesday week. The turf prophets are as innumerable as their predictions are varied. Last week we showed that Albert Victor was the prime favourite of "Augur," of the *Sporting Life*. The "special commissioner" of the *Sportsman*, on the other hand, pins his faith on

BOTHWELL:—

"Now that the race for the Chester Cup (won by Glenlivat) has been decided, the turf public will turn their attention to the Derby horses, which will be an especial feature of interest during the interval between this time and the day of the race. Notwithstanding the defeat of Lord Hawke for both his engagements at Chester, his stable companion, Bothwell, is still as good a favourite as ever for the Epsom event, and the man will be lucky who owns a horse that can beat the Trapgill champion for the Derby. The sturdy son of Stockwell won the Two Thousand Guineas like a thorough racehorse, for he went over the flat as fast as anything, and when the incline out of the Abingdon Mile bottom had to be collared he did not stay 'niggling' at the girths of his opponents, but shot by them as if they had been standing still, and both King of the Forest and the carefully-nursed Sterling were instantly reduced to the position of spectators. Indeed, while the winner pulled up as strong as a lion, the son of Oxford gasped like a trout on a gravel walk, and, as in the case of the trumped-up Anton, we can now see what a fortunate circumstance it is for backers that the Heath House crack was not entered for the Derby. The most dangerous opponent to Bothwell at Epsom will be the Zephyr colt, whom I strongly recommended on Feb. 22 as one of the best of the outsiders for the Derby, and well worth support at 25 to 1. If I were to add Ringwood to these two great, strong, good-looking horses, I feel confident that at the end of the season, if not before, I shall have named the three best horses of their year. As, however, I have a doubt as to Ringwood being started for the Derby, and as I know he is likely to show better form in the St. Leger, I cannot for the present give him the preference over King of the Forest as likely to finish in the first three at Epsom."

THE NATIONAL GAME OF ENGLISHMEN.

The London cricketing season was opened at Lord's ground on Monday, the inaugural match being played by the Marylebone Cricket Club and Ground against fifteen "Strangers," who had never batted at St. John's-wood. As the *Standard* reminds us:—"'To a level sward they came, and there they drave the wickets in,' writes the poet of 'Eugene Aram.' The operation is one which is ubiquitous during the present month; for May, sacred to so many divinities—rural, ecclesiastical, or fashionable—is pre-eminently consecrated to the prince of all popular games—cricket. As cricket is the most genuinely national of all our English games, so we may also say that it is, by virtue of its essential characteristics, its tendencies, and its influence, the most thoroughly commendable. Far be it from us to decry any of our national amusements or healthful exercises. Still, it must be confessed there is a purifying leaven of unselfishness in cricket which we shall not find in hunting, shooting, or fishing. There is an individuality in cricket which there is not in boating. Boating is, indeed, purely mechanical in comparison with cricket. The rowers in an eight-oar merge their existences in the harmonious movement of the whole. Impersonality is really the standard of excellence. Moreover, the exercise is always more or less unthankworthy to the weaker members of the crew. Abuse and panegyric are scarcely ever distributed in due proportion to the amount of effort expended. Above all, no opportunity is afforded the inferior workman of redeeming his reputation by some touch of consummate skill. It is different with cricket. The player who represents the very tailmost end of the eleven always has the chance of gaining credit as the man who retrieved the day by a happy catch, or who pulled the match out of the fire by some opportune runs. And the moral and social discipline of cricket, how incalculably valuable it is! Of that there can be no doubt. It is very annoying for a recognised hard hitter to miss an easy ball to the off, and it is very exasperating for the assiduous captain to see catch after catch missed. No doubt each of these gentlemen might feel heartily disposed to indulge in very cordial expressions of their disgust, but the public opinion of their mates in the pavilion is a sure check. Is there any finer sight than that of a really well-drilled eleven fielding out during an up-hill game? How patient, how silent, how determined not to despair, how hopeful for a chance they all are! 'Maiden over' after over is bowled, or, it may be, over after over is hit about to the four winds of heaven, and no chance seems coming. But at last it comes; the vigilance and the discipline are fruitful in a rich result, for that chance is not missed. The great game of life is very like a game of cricket in more respects than one. Cricket, too, is a mighty and all-powerful agency for the detection of anything like humbug or sham. Your dashing swaggerer walks up to the wicket as if he were perfectly competent to cut away each ball for a clear six. 'Play!' calls the umpire, and play it is. The hand of the braggadacio batsman shakes; his foot is nervously uplifted, his elbow jerks, and away rattles his off stump.

"In view of the many satisfactory conditions which cricket fulfils, we may well congratulate ourselves upon the fact that the game has made so much headway as it undoubtedly of late has amongst us, and that it has been able in such an increasing degree to identify itself with our national life. On many a village green where ten years ago the public-house was everything, and bats, balls, and stumps were unknown, the game, we may be quite sure, will be merrily played to-day. Labourers will join in it after their toil, and the parson will initiate the ploughboy into the mysteries of 'slow twisters,' 'round hand,' and 'half volleys.' An improvement all this decidedly upon the stupefying booze in the tavern bar. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are undergoing great changes just now; for the sake of the good which their *alumni* who are appointed to the cure of country parishes do in teaching their parishioners cricket, we may hope that cricket will continue to flourish in the midst of revolution. That cricket has during the last few years acquired a very largely increased measure of popularity in the English shires there can be no doubt. In Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Nottingham cricket has been indigenous ever since cricket was known. Within the last two years Lancashire has displayed a marvellous capacity for the game. Yorkshire is on a par with Nottinghamshire. Cambridge and Norfolk have not declined, but steadily increased in their cricketing powers; and far away to the west, "on the pleasant lawns of Devon," and in Cornwall, within view of the Land's-End, fields that but a short while since were innocent of wickets, and knew not the batsman's tread, bear a pleasantly animated testimony to the progress which the best of our English sports has made. Where cricket is popularised there we have the best guarantee of the existence between the different orders of our social economy of no slight tis of social sympathy and goodwill."

SPANISH VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

According to the *Era*, the *Porvenar di Seville* states that the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race "commences in Westminster, by the Houses of Parliament, and takes its course up the grand river to the parks of Greenwich and Richmond." The regattas of London are, "with the races of Epsom and Derby," the great feasts of the year. This year the river, on the occasion of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, is said to have been "crowded with 2000 steamers," at the head of which sailed the Prince of Wales in a small boat, "with thirty distinguished persons." While the race was going on, bands of music paraded the streets, "some with black faces." "A cannon from the Tower announced the victor. . . . After the regatta 100,000 restaurants were opened to the public, who crowded into them to drink their beer. In the villas in the vicinity of the race dinners were given to all Cambridge people, to the number of several thousands, the young people afterwards enjoying the ball."

THE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The proposed prize, which is to be offered for the Professional Swimming Championship, and which is to tempt Harry Gent, called "The Flying Fish," to return from the States to English waters, should be speedily in existence, Mr. Elliott having already, we understand, a handsome list of subscriptions. That there should be a counter-proposal for another Professional Champion Prize is a pity. The London Swimming Club originated, after untold trouble, the last champion cup, which was held and won by the luminable young "Flying Fish;" and the contests which took place for the trophy were managed by this club without a hitch. Under the same auspices, therefore, we still hope to witness fresh struggles for a prize worthy the champion swimmer of England; and, despite the opposition which *Bell's Life* chronicles, we look forward to seeing the first of the championship races (a mile in still water) on the date announced, June 3. We venture to suggest once more that another contest of great interest to the swimming world, the two-mile race for the amateur championship, may also take place in still water this year, the tidal Thames having sometimes a nasty trick of sweeping the second-best swimmer to the goal first.

ANOTHER THEATRICAL BANKRUPT.—An application was made, on the 5th inst., to rescind the appointment of a receiver in the matter of the bankruptcy of Mr. E. T. Smith. The application was refused on technical grounds. The debts exceed £18,000.

Amusements.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—May Attractions.
COVENT GARDEN.—Royal Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Her Majesty's Opera. Half-past Eight.
HAYMARKET.—An English Gentleman.—Farce. Seven.
GAIETY.—Offenbach's Malala.—Peter the Shipwright. Seven. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon Performance at Two.
OLYMPIC.—Farce—Daisy Farm—Farce. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Down in a Balloon—Notre Dame—Quicksilver Dick. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Ballet Farce—Fool's Revenge—The Man in the Moon. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Farce: Cut off with a Shilling—Robertson's Comedy: Ours. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE—First Night of New Farces and New Extravaganza. Half-past Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Secret Service—Poll and Partner Joe—Rival Romeos. Seven.
ROYALTY.—Behind a Mask—New Burlesque: Robin Hood—Farce. Half-past Seven.
STRAND.—Up in the World—Burlesque: Orpheus and Eurydice. Half-past Seven.
COURT (Sloane-square).—Comedy: Randall's Thumb—New Fairy Play: Creatures of Impulse—Farce. Half-past Seven.
QUEEN'S.—Farce—Joan of Arc. Seven.
GLOBE.—Opera Bouffe.
OPERA COMIQUE.—French Plays. Eight.
LYCEUM.—French Plays. Half-past Eight.
CHARING CROSS.—French Plays. Eight.
SOLOMON AMPHITHEATRE.—Acrobatic and Equestrian Entertainment. Saturday and Wednesday Afternoons at Half-past Two; Every Night at Half-past Seven.
STANDARD.—Neil, &c. Seven.
SADLER'S WELLS.—Drama. Seven.
ALFRED.—Drama, &c. Seven.
PHILHARMONIC.—Farce—Grand Duchess—Fairy Play: Nightingale's Wooing. Half-past Seven.
NEW EAST LONDON.—Drama and Farce. Seven.
BRITANNIA.—Drama and Farce. Seven.
VICTORIA.—Drama. Seven.
GEORGIAN.—Farce. Seven.
ALHAMBRA.—Theatre of Varieties. Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Pictorial Lecture on the War, &c. Open from Twelve to Five and from Seven till Ten.
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, Regent-street.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight; Thursday and Saturday at three.
CHRISTY MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall. Every night at Eight: Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park. Open daily.
EVANS'S MUSIC HALL, Covent-garden. Eight.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. Open from Ten a.m. till Ten p.m.
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Open daily.
ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Occasional Concerts.
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Monday, Tuesday, Saturday (free), Ten a.m. till Ten p.m.; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday (6d.), Ten till Five.
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, South Kensington Museum.—On Wednesdays and Saturdays from Twelve to Four between Michaelmas and Easter; from Easter till Michaelmas it is open till Five o'clock.
BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street.—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the year round, except the first seven days of January, May, and September. Saturdays, from Twelve to Eight.
MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jermyn-street, Regent-street.—Every day, except Friday, from Ten to Four. Penny Lectures every Monday evening at Eight.
NATIONAL GALLERY, Charing-cross.—Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.
THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (Winter Exhibition), 5, Pall-mall East.—Ten till Five.
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS, 120, Pall-mall.—Half-past Ten till Five o'clock.
NEW BRITISH INSTITUTION, 39, Old Bond-street.—Exhibition of Oil-tree Pictures. Ten till Five.
CREMORNE GARDENS.—Dancing, &c.
WOOLWICH GARDENS.—Dancing, &c.
ROSHERVILLE.—"The Place to Spend a Happy Day."

THE THEATRICAL NOVELTIES

deserve but a bare record. On Saturday last a new burlesque by Mr. Burnand, "Poll and Partner Joe," was produced at the St. James's; and the same evening saw the reopening of the Holborn with a drama, the title of which, "Silence," aptly suggests how it should best be noticed.

THE ARTISANS' CLUB

in Newman-street was illustrated and described by us last spring; and we learn from an article in a daily contemporary that the national example here set on foot by the Rev. Henry Solly has nowhere been carried out with more spirit than in the south-east of London. "About eight months ago the

CORDEN WORKING-MEN'S CLUB

first saw the light in a house close to Bermondsey-square. It already numbers above 1200 members. It has a secretary, a treasurer, a manager, trustees, and a committee. Candidates are elected or rejected by a vote of this latter body. The yearly subscription of the members is four shillings. The object of the club, as stated in its printed rules, is 'to afford its members the means of social intercourse, mental and moral improvement, and rational recreation.' No betting, gambling, drunkenness, or offensive language is allowed. All members infringing this rule are liable to expulsion. On week days the club closes at 1 a.m., on Sundays at 12 p.m. About once a week there is usually either a concert or a lecture, and to these members are allowed to bring their wives or female relatives. The committee is not the executive power, but an appeal lies from its decisions to a general meeting. Each member is allowed to introduce a friend, and a few evenings ago we had the pleasure, under the convoy of a member, to be introduced to the club. We found it answering to Dr. Johnson's definition of what a club ought to be—a number of good fellows meeting together under certain rules. There was a reading-room, a bagatelle-room, a card-room,

Choice Bits.

PROCESSION OF THE CHILDREN AT THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

THE Carnival in Rome was held,
When Rome stood, like an oak,
Defiant to the lightning's flash
And to the thunder's stroke.
Her growth was slow but glorious,
And higher rose her form
In beauty, strength, and majesty,
The harder blew the storm.

The soul of valour fired her men,
And crowned her victor-arms,
And famous were her women fair
For virtue as for charms.
With unassuming dignity
They lived—a gallant race,
And bore defeat and victory
With almost equal grace.

Rome's eagle-banners in the van
Of empires flapped their wings,
And haughty nations she subdued
And conquered mighty Kings.
'Twas in the training of her youth
That all her grandeur lay;
A scene from old imperial Rome
May fit my rhyme to-day.

With garlands crown that matron's brow,
Ye mothers of the earth,
And emulate her simple state,
And prize her moral worth;
Who, when bedizen'd Princes naked,
"Where are your jewels grand?"
Clasped to her breast her children bless'd
And said, "Lo, here they stand!"

Before great Cæsar's Royal [illegible]
Because Rome's winding-sheet,
A peerless proud procession marched
Along each crowded street;
And from the tops of her seven hills,
'Neath skies as clear as glass,
A famous Roman General watched
The splendid pageant pass.

Then shouts burst from the balconies
"They come, they come, they come,"
Like gorgeous birds the banners soared,
And rounded loud the drum;
The bravest heroes earth could boast
In glory-days of old,
Swept past the veteran warrior
In scarlet and in gold.

First came the grey-haired chiefs, and cried,
"Ye gods, we *have* been brave!"
"Alas, alas!" the General sighed,
"Old men, ye near the grave.
Then who will fight for Roman right
And bid her eagles rise,
And laurels spread around her head,
Proud queen of azure skies?"

Next came the manhood of the land,
Young soldiers, trained and true,
And many a fair and gentle hand
Flowers in their pathway threw;
While chariots rolled and trumpets [illegible]
"Oh, we are brave," they said;
And [illegible]
Above each [illegible]

The General murmured back their words,
"Ay, brave, and strong, and tall,
And round the seven-hill'd city gleams
Your armour like a wall;
But when with age ye're hoary grown,
Ye bearded, stalwart men,
Who'll make Rome's regal glory known,
And fight her battles then?"

At length, while leaning on his sword,
[illegible] from his eye,
"[illegible], God bless them!"
[illegible]
And [illegible]

And as they passed the watch-tower whence
The Roman General gazed,
"We *will* be brave!" the young troops cried,
Each face to Heaven upraised,
"We *will* be brave!" was echoed loud
Those old seven hills around,
And Tiber's yellow flood stood still,
To catch the sparkling sound.

Then from the General's visage stern
The sombre shadow fled;
His plumy helmet high he raised
To cheer those hosts, and said,
"Contentedly I now can die,
And with a soldier's mien,
For champions brave dear Rome to save
This day mine eyes have seen."

A silent Angel, grim and white,
Bends carmine on each [illegible]
He reaps the plain with dead like grain,
And sweeps from land to land;
He reaps a harvest thick of men,
And gleans the grey and old;
The young are seeds that spring again,
And blossom 'bove the mould.

Architects of the future time
Are the youth of every land;
They build a realm with deeds sublime,
And make its history grand.
Of all the garden of our race,
They are the choicest flower;
Strengthen their limbs with Freedom's grace,
Endow their minds with power.

SHELDON CHADWICK.

Stories of To-Day.

LONDON WRENS.

"EPISODES OF AN OBSCURE LIFE"

furnish a series of sketches of various characters which present points of originality and interest; and one or two of the short histories concerning the unhappy, precocious little Arab orphans who earn their squalid living at an age when other children are playing with their dolls are full of humour and pathos. Take, for instance,

"LITTLE CREASES,"

selling water-cresses at a very tender age indeed to maintain her grandmother. "A limp, mud-hued calico frock reached to where the calves ought to have been in her bare, skinny little legs. That was all her dress. In one hand she carried a rusty iron tray, thumping on it, tambourine fashion, with the other as an accompaniment to 'The days when we went gipsying,' which she sang, as she trotted along, in a clear, sweet little voice that justified the poor appellation it was given her by fate. Feeling interested in her, the writer gave a visit to the "bottom house in Saffron's yard" to find out. And "Jim, a weak-minded youth in a one-sleeved shirt and a pair of trousers with a leg and a half upheld by a single tress of greasy twine," showed him up a filthy, stinking staircase, shouting out, as he did so,

"Creases! 'ere's a person a-waitin' arter ye. Whatever 'as you been a-doin on?"

The history of little Creases, alias "little Creases," is given in her own words. As she remarks, "There's kids in the Rents, as 'as got fathers and mothers, as is wuss off than me. No, I don't go to church. Granny says she used to go, but they never gave her nuffink, so she dropped it. I can't read and I can't write. Readin' and writin' may be hall very well for little gals as cant 'elp theirselves, but I don't see as it would be hany 'elp to me."

On one memorable occasion she was in the Park when the Queen and Prince Albert passed, and was lifted "hup right over the people's 'eads by a Parse'nt gentleman." "I think he was 'art silly," was Bessie's comment; "but he was very good-natur'd—silly folks horfen is."

Many of the other tales, especially those relating to the children, are enough to make the hearts ache again of the mothers who, prosperous and happy, look at their own little ones, and think what they else might have been had they been left homeless and forlorn in the streets of London. Take, for instance the

TWIN CROSSING-SWEEPERS,

(p. 117, vol. i.) who kept their life in their puny little bodies by hard work, lodging at night part free in the upper portion of a railway arch [illegible] up, across the mile being attained by means of an old [illegible] rubber, whereof most of the route was taken. The attention of the orrate was attracted to the children by observing that in one respect they differed from the ruck of street children curiously. Their crossing was near a church, and always on a Sunday, as soon as the bell ceased to toll, the boy and his sister left their brooms in a corner of the porch, and [illegible] side by side into one of the most obscure of the free seats. It appears that their father had been a [illegible] and owner also of a druggist's shop. He and his wife died nearly at the same time.

"They was left alone in the house after the buryin' without anything to eat and nobody to take care on 'em, an' got skeared, an' come out to see what they could do for their selves." Then we have

A LITTLE MOTHER,

aged thirteen, the sole guardian and support of three small brothers and sisters. These friendless orphans lodged in a room sublet to them by an old woman who kept what was avowedly a "refuse" fruit stall; and when the children brought home unsold posies, the bound, faded flowers were laid side by side with the dark, disfigured fruit, which was brought back to be garnered in the close ill-smelling attic until day-break. The tale, too, of

"MARCH HARE,"

the idiot boy, is told so well that we advise our readers not to omit it. His mother was a purchaser of rabbit and hare skins—hence his name—and, as any woman's heart will naturally divine, the poor creature was, even because of his misfortune, all the dearer and more tenderly cared for. Her trade was [illegible] "There's some skins to be picked up then, and they're better. God gives the poor things more hair in the winter to keep them warm. I've sometimes wished my gown 'ud grow like that. . . . My carnin's ain't much to keep two people on—2d., and sometimes more, I've to give for a skin; and then I only git a ha'penny by it."

THE KENNINGTON TRAMWAY BUS.

VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

LONDON LIQUOR.

ADULTERATION

of malt and spirituous liquor is one of the evils which the Home Secretary proposed to root out by his Licensing Bill. "This," says the energetic and well-meaning gentleman who would convert the whole country to be total abstainers—"this is the essence of the evil—this the lurking devil at the heart and core of the whole business. It is not so much that pure spirit or a simple effusion of good hops and malted barley hurts the man who drinks it; it is the sickening concoctions, the baneful ingredients, that the unscrupulous publican adds to his profit to add to the various liquor he dispenses that works the main mischief." To put this common belief to the proof, a Commissioner of the *Daily Telegraph* has lately examined, and the results of his first explorations are revealed in an article headed

"A QUARTERN OF GIN."

"Acting on this resolve, I recently procured eight samples of gin—of common gin, such as is sold over the public-house counter at the rate of thousands of gallons every day. I thought it best to 'sample' public-houses in the lowest neighbourhoods—*not*, be it understood, because I wished to write a sensational article, and artfully devised article, and artfully devised to obtain choice matter as a means of saving myself trouble. . . . The most notorious neighbourhoods for my gin collections were visited first, Leather-lane, Shadwell; the Borough; Kent-street, in Lambeth; Kent-street, Westminster; Chapel-street, Tower and Dean-street, in Spitalfields. A half-pint of gin was procured at each place, and in no instance was the price paid for it more than the strength of a pro-found announcement made by a publican that he had on tap the very finest Old Tom at fourpence-halfpenny a quartern, I became his customer to the extent of ninepence. Eight pints of beer were bought at the same time and at the same houses, and the sixteen samples were sealed and placed in the hands of a thoroughly competent analytical chemist, who has made a most careful examination, and returned to me the following 'report,' which I have more pleasure than I can express in laying before the reader. It should be premised that pure gin, as it is sent out from the distillery, commonly contains 40 per cent of real spirit or absolute alcohol to 60 parts of water, and that the most notorious ingredients of gin adulteration consist, or rather are popularly supposed to consist, of tincture of capsicum, paradise grains, turpentine, sulphate of zinc, and salt of tartar. Results of chemical analysis of eight samples of London gin:—

"Sample 'L.'—This was procured from the unsalubrious neighbourhood of Saffron-hill, a place abounding in courts and alleys, and peopled by as ragged, brawling, tippling a population as London can produce. In this sample there were found thirty-three parts of real spirits, and *nothing besides* but water sweetened with sugar and a suspicion of cayenne pepper.

"Sample 'H.'—From Shadwell—from Ratcliff-highway, where, as soon as the gas is lighted in the evening, swarms of women of the most hideous type emerge from their loathsome dens, the sole business of whose life is to make sailors drunk and plunder them. In a neighbourhood such as this, if in any, there exists a temptation for the dishonest publican to 'play tricks' with his gin. The lucrative pursuit of the vile trade that the women follow depends in great part on the accommodating disposition of the publican, and therefore the women dare not complain, and the sailors half their time are

LONDON LIQUOR: "A QUARTERN OF GIN."

LONDON LIQUOR: BOBBING THE BEER.

spoony drunk, and will swallow anything so long as gentle, 'Poll' of Wapping presses it on his acceptance. Well, what is the worst that can be said of the gin of Ratcliff-highway? Only that it contains 31 per cent of spirit, with sugar and water. This sample, however, is prominent among the rest on account of one objectionable quality. 'H' is very fiery from the presence of tincture of capsicum, says the chemist.

"Sample marked 'Q' was culled in the 'worst street in London'—Flower and Dean-street, Spitalfields. There is no harm in it beyond those intoxicating qualities peculiar to gin; and even this 'Q' landlord, no doubt with a laudable desire to keep at as low a temperature as possible the excitable passions of the peculiar people who are his customers, keeps down his standard of alcohol at twenty-nine.

"As to the rest, it is the same story hitherto seven times repeated—sugar, water, and aromatic flavouring, with a slight 'fortifying' of cayenne pepper."

SUMMARISING

the evidence thus obtained, the "Commissioner" writes:—"Tincture of capsicum is by no means a healthful ingredient in a drink that is consumed in such enormous quantities; and it cannot be denied that the publican resorts to it as a means of lending a semblance of strength and heat to his 'Old Tom' that it could not otherwise lay claim to. But, as will be seen, it is only in one case in eight that it is discovered in sufficient quantity to bear the description of 'very fiery.' As to the remaining seven, in the analyser's own words, 'The analyses indicate that the publican adds one part of sugar and water to four parts, or less of good gin, occasionally fortifying it with a little tincture of cayenne pepper.' It may be said that, granting all this to be true, it does not in the least alter the fact that gin is accountable for more vice and crime than anything else in the world. Indeed, it may be urged that, since it is to gin in its essence, and not to any deleterious and poisonous matters with which it may be impregnated, that is attributable so much of the misery that afflicts and pauperises the nation, there is all the more reason to restrain and cripple such a ravenous monster. So be it. But since, as it appears, the publican has been falsely accused, it should make us more considerate in our legislative dealings with him."

"A PINT OF BEER."

is the title of the article in which the *Telegraph's* "Commissioner" makes public an ingredient of adulteration most used in the "doctoring" of porter; and our Artist adds to the interest of the "Commissioner's" revelations by his Illustration of

"ROBBING THE BEER,"

introducing the reader to what appears to be a familiar cellar scene, respecting which the *Telegraph's* correspondent has the following ominous hints:—"Pure enough might be the liquid consigned by the jolly draymen to those mysterious depths, the wide wooden jaws of which gaped in the pavement to receive it. But what happened afterwards? Where were the customers of that prosperous individual who unblushingly announced himself a 'brewers' druggist?' What terrible hidden meaning lurked in the wording of that oft-repeated advertisement inserted in the publicans' own trade newspaper by out-of-work barmen, 'clever at cellar work?' The mere screwing of a pipe into a bung-hole, the tilting of a barrel, surely could not involve an amount of cleverness that was worthy to be vaunted? Besides, it seemed that there must be *some* truth in what everybody said, and what everybody almost was prepared to vouch for. . . .

"Well, the trial is over, and what is the result? Hear it and be amazed, all ye that hitherto have regarded the shining pewter pint and quart pot but as whitened sepulchres, in which lurked corruption and death, none the less because he was disguised under the names of coculus indicus and green copperas. Hear it and rejoice, all ye that throughout your manly lives have stanchly stuck to 'brown beer,' declaring your belief that some beer might be better than other, but that of bad beer there was none, and with eager lips saluting its creaming mantling in token of your undeviating loyalty, upon every convenient opportunity—rejoice ye, for here is proof that your affection has not been misplaced, nor your confidence abused; your beer has been grievously maligned. To be sure, it is not so artless and innocent as might be desired, but it contains no poison—assuming, that is to say, that the seven samples that have undergone the severest tests it was possible to apply to them may be regarded as fairly representing the great bulk of fourpenny beer that in pints and 'pots' crosses thousands of metal-topped counters every day throughout the year. As with the 'quarterns of gin,' they were collected from the lowest neighbourhoods; and the following is the 'report' returned:—

April 29, 1871.

RESULTS OF ANALYSES OF SEVEN SAMPLES OF PORTER.

	Percentage of real Alcohol by weight.	Cocculus Indicus, Picric Acid, or Copperas.	Common Salt.
M. (Bermondsey)	.. 5½ ..	Neither ..	Yes.
T. (Shadwell)	.. 5½ ..	Neither ..	Yes.
O. (Spitalfields)	.. 5½ ..	Neither ..	Much.
H. (New-cut)	.. 4½ ..	Neither ..	Very much.
Q. (Shoreditch)	.. 4 ..	Neither ..	Yes.
F. (Whitechapel)	.. 4½ ..	Neither ..	Very much.
I. (Kent-street, Borough)	4 ..	Neither ..	A little.

"Adulterated porter is commonly three parts or less porter and one part water, the resulting weakness in quality being marked by the addition of colouring matter, brown sugar, and bitter drugs, one of which produces lethargic stupor. I am of opinion that these samples have not been so adulterated.

(Signed) "JOHN BROAD, Pharmaceutical and Practical Chemist."

"Undoubtedly, it should be an immense relief to learn that the chances are considerably against green copperas or coculus indicus contributing their poisonous qualities to the social glass; but, this much admitted, the publican does not come off with flying colours by any means. The account of

SALT IS SERIOUSLY AGAINST HIM.

"Salt is an invaluable agent in the preparation of our food and drinks; but it is very possible to abuse the use of it. There can be no question that this is what the publican of the present day is doing. Why does he dose his beer with 'much,' with 'very much' salt? Is it out of a laudable regard for the taste of his customer that he flings the saline grains into the beer butt with so liberal a hand, or is it—and the suspicion will creep in—because he has discovered in salt, as an adulteration of beer, certain virtues that enable him to forego the use of the old-fashioned ingredients of sophistication? It is no more necessary to add salt to beer than it is to add sand to sugar or water to milk. It serves no honest purpose, except, perhaps, that it may help to 'clear' the beer; but there are a score of other things that are more effective for the purpose. As a 'mask' to the water with which the beer of the brewer is extended, it must be but flimsy and transparent. What benefit, then, does the publican derive from his use of 'much salt'? With nothing to guide us to a conclusion, and treating the question as a riddle to be guessed, it at once occurs to the shrewd guesser—salt is a provocative of thirst!"

The Naturalist.

THE WOOL-PRODUCING ANIMALS

will not prove the least interesting objects exhibited in the International Show at South Kensington. They are to be seen in the reserved garden to the west of the machinery wing. There are three specimens of the alpaca, exhibited by Miss Burdett Coutts. The alpaca is an animal of the llama tribe, inhabiting the mountains of Peru, and its wool was first brought into use in this country, about forty years ago, by the well-known Mr. Titus Salt, the great manufacturer at Bradford. Among those who took an active part in the efforts that were made to acclimatise the animals in England were the late Prince Consort and the late Earl of Derby. Our home resources in the way of producing alpaca wool or hair have, however, up to this time been of a very limited character, and for our main supplies we are still dependent on imports. A number of the most interesting specimens in this interesting collection of live animals, which represent most of the sources whence we derive the wool and hair used in our manufactures, are those lent for exhibition by the Zoological Society of London. One of these is a male specimen of the fat-tail sheep of India, which was deposited in the Zoological Gardens, twelve months ago, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, by whom it was brought to England from its native country. Another is a male specimen of the llama proper, which was presented to the society, in March last, by the Duke of Wellington. The llama and its allies are found on the Andes of Peru and Bolivia, and in the plains of Patagonia. Among the other animals lent for exhibition by the Zoological Society are the huanco and the cashmere-shawl goat, and two female mouflons. The mouflons are indigenous to Sardinia and Corsica, are the only "wild sheep" found in Europe, and are said to be the "original animal" from which our own sheep have been derived. Messrs. Sturgeon, Sons, and Co., of Grays Hall, Essex, exhibit specimens of the famous Spanish merinoes, of which only one flock exists in this country—that which was originally introduced from Spain by George II. The other animals exhibited in this live collection are our own Oxfordshire Downs, Lincolns, Dorsets, and Cotswolds.

THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

A DARWINIAN DITTY.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

[For the better understanding of this "ditty," in case it should not be self-interpreting, we prefix to it two extracts, one from Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man," and the other from Dr. Alleyne Nicholson's "Introductory Text-Book of Zoology." We suggest that the word Ascidian, if not spelled Askidian, ought at least to be pronounced so.]

This most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of the Vertebrata, at which we are enabled to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians. These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes . . . these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the New World and Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded. Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality.—"*The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex.*" *By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c., vol. i., p. 212-13.*

TUNICATA.—This class includes a class of animals that are all familiarly known, and mostly of small size, often called Ascidians (Gr. askos, a wine-skin), from the resemblance which many of them exhibit in shape to a long-necked jar or bottle. The two orifices in the upper body case or "test" of the Tunicata lead into the interior of the animal, and are used for the admission and expulsion of the water; and by their means the animal both breathes and obtains food.—"*Introductory Text-Book of Zoology.*" *By Alleyne Nicholson, M.D.*

Air—"*The Leather Bottel.*"

How many wondrous things there be
Of which we can't the reason see!
And this is one, I used to think,
That most men like a drop of drink.
But here comes Darwin with his plan,
And shows the true D scent of Man:
And that explains it all full well,
For Man—was—once—a leather bottel.

There are Mollusca rather small,
That naturalists Ascidia call;
Who, being just a bag-like skin,
Subsist on water pouring in:
And these you'll find, if you will seek,
Derive their name from heathen Greek;
For Scott and Scapula show full well
That As-kos—means—a leather bottel.

Now, Darwin proves as clear as mud,
That, endless ages ere the Flood,
The Coming Man's primeval form
Was simply an Ascidian worm:
And having then the habit got
Of passing liquor down his throat,
He keeps it still, and shows full well
That Man—was—once—a leather bottel.

When Bacchus' feasts came duly round,
Athenian peasants beat the ground;
And danced and leapt, to ease their toil,
'Mid leather bottles smeared with oil:
From which they slid with broad grimace,
And, falling, filled with mirth the place:
And so they owned and honoured well
Their great-grandsire—the leather bottel.

The toper loves to sit and swill
Of wine, or grog, or beer, his fill;
And, as he doth but little eat,
It serves him both for drink and meat:
But don't, I pray, be too strait-laced,
Or blame this pure Ascidian taste;
For Darwin's theory shows full well,
The to-per—is—a leather bottel.

The Dean of Christ Church does not shrink
To give five reasons we should drink:
"Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we should be, by-and-by,"
Then adds the fifth in humorous sport,
As "any other reason" for't:
But all his reasoning shows full well,
The dean—was—just—a leather bottel.

Nay, those who fain strong drink would scout
Don't say we should not drink a drop;
But water, milk, or *eau sucrée*
We're free to tipple all the day:
Sam Johnson's self, as you may see,
Drank many myriad cups of tea:
And all this drinking shows full well
That man's—at—best—a leather bottel.

"The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,"
The plants, too, drink the moistened plain:
"The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need for drinks,"
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up:
While beasts and birds share the cup.
The sun, too, drinks, the moon as well:
So Na-ture's—all—a leather bottel.

I hope even Darwin don't say Nay,
When asked at times to wet his clay:
And I for one would drink his health;
And wish him sense, and wit, and wealth:
And if good liquor he doth brew,
I 'll drink to old Erasmus too:
And gladly join to show full well
That man—is—still—a leather bottel.

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WHAT is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

The Ladies' Column.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO VOTE FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

was discussed in the House of Commons by a majority of 69 on May 3, when Mr. Jacob Bright (brother to obtain for ladies what his celebrated brother was foremost in gaining for men) in vain moved the second reading of the "Woman's Disabilities Bill." This has the appearance of a crushing reverse. Last year the same bill passed the same stage by an important majority. When a majority of twenty-seven is converted into a minority of sixty-seven the situation altogether has changed. It is not warranted by a careful survey of all the facts. True debate on the present occasion has a much greater significance than the division of last year. While public opinion has undoubtedly moved forward, it has really made a gigantic backward step. It is now probable that the late decided division in the House of Commons has been seriously misunderstood. Next year the tables will almost certainly be turned. What exited the greatest interest was the course which

MR. GLADSTONE

would pursue. While declaring his intention of voting against the bill, he refused to consider the question as a Governmental or party one, and he put forth some of the strongest arguments in favour of the principle of the measure. His actual opposition is now based upon the discomfort which women may undergo should they vote at a contested election. If our elections were conducted as Mr. Gladstone has seen an election conducted in Berlin, then there would be no valid objection to the enfranchisement of females as voters. That the Ballot will accomplish this is Mr. Gladstone's hope. That the ballot will soon be the law of the land must be his desire. Consequently, the support of Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Jacob Bright's bill next Session may be regarded as certain. But there is another security that the opponents of the measure will give practical effect to his views. His rival has declared for the bill in the most emphatic way. Mr. Disraeli voted with Mr. Jacob Bright. Two of his colleagues in the Cabinet spoke in support of the measure, in addition to voting for it—Lord John Manners and Mr. Ward Hunt, both of them men of a very revolutionary cast of mind, were unable to deny the justification or the demand that sex should be no disqualification for exercising the franchise, provided the legal formalities have been complied with. For the time the sentimental objections of Mr. Gathorne Hardy may prevail; but, in the long run, justice will not the obstinacy of sentiment, but the logic of sober reason and of unanswerable arguments.

PRIZE FANS AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The international fan competition forms the one exception to the rule that no prizes are to be given at the South Kensington Exhibition. The first prize, given by her Majesty the Queen, was to amount to £50; the second, £25; and the third, £10. The regulations for the competition contained, among other things, the one might say, natural condition that only ladies were eligible to compete. They were to be Englishwomen under twenty-five years of age on March 1, and alive at the time of adjudication. About 120 fans were sent in, many of those which would have reached from the Continent having been detained in consequence of the disturbed state of France and Germany. The fans are displayed in the Architectural Court, and the prize of £10 has been carried off by

PRINCESS LOUISE,

with a cleverly-painted fan representing a skating party. Henrietta Montalba has been adjudged another of the first distinctions, a prize of £25; and her sister, Miss Hilda Montalba, has carried off two prizes £10 and the other £5 in value.

A PARIS HEROINE

is introduced to us by the Versailles "Special" of the Standard:—"Among the captives (taken at Moulin de Pierre) was a very interesting-looking young woman, in the uniform of a cantiniere. She was wounded and a prisoner in hospital. Her story is that some months ago she left her home because the wife of a man, who is now breaking out of the Civil War, was about to give birth to a child. She was without any tidings of him, and had not the slightest idea where he was. She therefore adopted the uniform in which she was captured, in order that she might go into the provinces in search of her husband. She has not succeeded in finding him, and she does not know whether he is living. Had she been successful in finding him, she would have left the army. Had she been successful in finding him, she would have left the army. Had she been successful in finding him again. I am happy to say that the heroine is only slight, and everything is being done to promote her recovery."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

(From the "Food Journal.")

RICE FRITTERS.

Rice fritters are more generally made with whole rice, but ground rice may be used instead, in the following way:—Mix a handful of ground rice with milk, set it to the fire and stir it constantly, adding a little cream, sugar, grated lemon-peel, and orange-flowers, or a few drops of essence of vanilla. When become sufficiently thick and stiff, remove it from the fire, and pour it smoothly over a slab of flat tin; let it cool, cut out the fritters with cutters, dip them in butter or in egg and bread crumbs, and fry them in a very hot pan. As soon as the fritters are of a nice colour, drain, sprinkle them with powdered sugar, and serve.

AN OLD ENGLISH SPRING SALAD OF 1682.

"There is a sort of sallet, commonly gathered in the spring, consisting of divers young buds and sprouts, both of trees and herbs, the which being gathered discreetly with nothing but what is very young and tender, and so that no one thing exceed the other, but there may be a fine agreement in their relish, if so, it will be very acceptable to many:—Violets, small sprouts of burnet, young leaves of primroses and flowers, mints, sorrel, buds of goosberries, roses, barberries, flowers of bunge, bugloss, cowpagles, and archangel."

POT-AU-FEU.

Take one kilogramme (about 2 lb.) of meat of the second quality, add three litres (a litre is about a quart) of water and a little salt, place it on a moderate fire, and take off the scum when well risen, just before it boils. After the meat has cooked for two hours, add vegetables, turnips, carrots, parsnips, leeks, celery, &c., and let it continue to boil slowly for three or four hours. It should be kept cooking for five or six hours altogether. If soup is required more than boiled meat, the fresh meat should be put into cold water; if boiled meat is required, a tender piece of meat, kept a sufficiently long time, should be chosen, and put in when the water is boiling. By adding water after it has been cooking for some minutes, some of the nutritive parts are lost, and only a weak broth is obtained. The fat may be skimmed off the pot-au-feu before serving, and should not be wasted, for it will do for other culinary purposes.

Garden Work.

(From the "Gardener's Magazine.")

FLOWER GARDEN.

Few people really cultivate annuals. Thin out the patches and top the branching kinds, and they will bloom so vigorously as to be altogether unlike the crowded spindly things on which people vent their abuse. Late-planted roses should have plenty of water, and the surface mulched, and similar treatment given to hollyhocks and chrysanthemums put out last month. Part and plant polyanthuses and primroses that have done blooming, and give them a rich loam and a shady aspect.

Where it is intended to have new gravel, it would be advisable to defer it till the beds are filled and the whole garden acquiring its full summer gaiety; a coating of new gravel then will add much to its fresh and bright appearance.

Roll and mow grass-turf frequently, to promote a fine close growth.

Any watering of plants in the open ground should be done in the morning now, as the nights are often very cold.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Sow broad beans, peas, radish, celery, borecole, beet, lettuce, small salads, spinach, turnips, carrots, endive, and cucumbers for planting out on ridges early in June.

Vegetables in Season.—Beet, early cabbages, carrots, chicory (for salads), French beans, Jerusalem artichokes, leeks, lettuce, mushrooms, onions, potatoes (new and old), radishes, rhubarb, scalkale, spinach.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Plums and pears, and, indeed, all bush and pyramid fruits, will want pinching in to the third or fourth leaf from the base. Where large crops of fruit are set, thin severely, but not all at once, as the more fruit the poorer will its quality be. Where the garden is exposed to the east, newly planted trees should be safely staked and the ground be liberally mulched about their roots. Protection is still needful on fruit walls, but at the first change to westerly winds may be removed. Meantime, let the trees have air as much as possible.

CONSERVATORY AND GREENHOUSE.

Carry out previous directions, and clear the latter structure, more particularly of all bedding and soft-wooded stuff going out of bloom, to give more valuable subjects room to develop themselves and get plenty of air.

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MORNING POST, May 28, 1870.

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BISMARCK AND JULES FAVRE PARLEYING.
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